

# Akala Lyrics

## “Watcher (Freestyle)”

I'm the watcher, to me you cocksuckers are transparent  
I see the future like tarots, my talent embarrass you faggots  
Your shit is tragic like what happened to Magic  
I'm cold turkey to addicts, wolf to a rabbit  
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace  
Where Rastas are smokin' the chalice, niggas drinkin' liquor by the barrels  
Barrels smoke 'em, bullets soak in your apparel  
I'm Sagittarius, so it's natural that I spit arrows  
The watcher, I see proper, so called top shotters  
Tell the world your business so you 'bout to get knocked by the coppers  
But never lock up 'cus you sing like the opera  
Pussy'ole fi get chop up, they got no morals  
Think you ruthless 'cus the world see that you shootin? You stupid  
On the low-low is how you should do tings  
Passing your straps for stripe, you niggas are bitches  
I don't know you, I know who you clippin', so much are snitches  
Fuck the fame and the name, that ain't the aim of the game  
Supposed to scheme for a better day  
But niggas can't see, it's like they blind  
It's cool, 25, plenty time to open your eyes  
Like Memphis, future bleak, government vengeance  
Like hell they wanna help, they just uppinn' the sentence  
Two strikes is life in the country we live in  
If you pop shots, but not if you fuck children  
So who you think they tryin' to imprison?  
But niggas don't wanna listen  
Limited vision is inhibited wisdom  
So I keep my eyes open, every moment I'm focused  
You jokers is bogus, I flow ferocious I'm sure that you know this  
A lot of dudes spittin' written but I'm ripping riddims  
God given, so you sinnin' if you think that you winnin'  
No religion, not a Christian I believe in the spirit  
Even if you a heathen, you believe in my lyrics  
I'm the Einstein of physics, Shakespeare to writing  
Tyson to fighting, strikin' like lightnin', we're frightenin', timin' like (?)  
See clear, my vision refined  
Look through my eyes, you feel like you see them for the first time  
I spot the snakes, I know they kind  
The fakes is easy to break

They got no spine, them man are principle  
Discipline you niggas like the principal  
My lyrical miracles, biblical to spiritual criminals